

14p150m39 at 10.11

his
Toth, his gives me absolutely no idea of
the delicious colouring, the perfect combinations,
which make Bolton charming!

A quarter of a mile or so above the Abbey is Hartington
Leas - said to have been so named by the present
Duke, ^{person} in his delight at the prospect directed
~~from the river~~ ^{from the river} ~~the~~ ^{the} scene, of frequent
beauties. Hitherto the Wharfe, hasty & turbulent,
has hurried down hill in a very straight course, but
now finding himself on an easy level, & carries
scenes of tempting beauty, he indulges in
vagaries, & makes loop after loop, like the links
of Toth, hemming in one delicious rounded
law after another. On the levelled of
then, fringed with alder & spotted with elm
& ash, is the Abbey, planted on a rise, &
rather high terrace which slopes to the river.
The whole is visible ^{you are really} ~~as~~ ^{that} a clump of trees
breaks the length of the building, partly concealing
the nave: column arch appears within the
northern transept; the one pinnacle which marks
the south arm rises against a back ground of
verdure you ~~see~~ ^{pass} through the Choir window
to the green ^{you both can} ~~see~~ ^{view} ~~slight~~ ^{beyond} ~~which~~ ^{the} ferns
& grasses wave within; the glorious ~~of~~
the eastern window you only get in profile, & is
a line with it. The boughs of an elm repeat
the meeting curves of the Gothic arch. Yonder
the white umbrella of an artist affords a
pleasant hint of sympathy, while a snow white
calf posed on the lawn at your feet is not a
bad substitute for the Doe of Rhyllons. Beyond is
the gleaming river with a thick fringe of trees,
now

now. another curve round a rising meadow takes it out of view, but again the gleam of water catches the eye under the distant arch of Bolton Bridge; after that, you see the Wharfe no more, but compolloes its course by the thick forest-belt which borders & clothes the sides of the bounding hills. Rejuvenate you & the Abbey are lightly wooded green slopes dotted with grazing cattle: to the south, is an immediate back-ground of trees, while beyond & above stretches a broad grassy bosom not-unlike the swell of the chalk downs, save that the sky-line is sharper; but there are denes with clumps of trees, knolls dotted with trees, & even shifting cloud shadows mark slopes that remind one of a Sussex landscape. To the east - is a long sweep of the unmistakable moor. Black in the distance, & scarred & river, giving just the touch of wildness which preserves the scene from ^{demerits} too soft a beauty. Another feature of some clericalness occurs opposite to the east window - what is known as the Purple Rock, a huge, perpendicular ^{seen} ~~irregular~~ ^{partly} of curious purplish hue, - and ~~perhaps~~ ^{perhaps} the presence of iron. To the river itself no clericalness ^{belongs}; it is altogether soft & beautiful in decay, - a cherished link between the past & the present, - a most pleasing witness to the continuity of the Church.

The scenery of the river itself is delightfully varied. One lovely peep gives you a stretch of smooth-flowing water, still as a lake, yet dazzling with a perpetual twinkling; here the river is blue with the azure of the sky, slightly flecked with images of floating clouds, while beneath are ^{green}

green depths of shadowy forest, for hazel & alder dip
 their branches in the stream, & "stand double, tree
 & shadow." Reaching up to the high sky line, which
 is edged with a peaked fringe of firs, are the softest
 green billows - sycamores, alders, beech & oak,
 looking in their early spring dress like nothing
 but the clouds above them, so yielding, their outlines,
 so hazy, their hues. Surely the leap of a trout
 made that splash! Yes, the angler knows its
 whereabouts; there he is in mind. Stream trying
 the water in a knowing way: nothing there: he made
 to the bank to tickle the stream higher up; pity, for
 you did not see that splash; the fellow that
 made it must weigh at least ^{ten pounds} a pound: there
 is another leap in the very spot you occupied!

Over the wooden bridge, up, you come to a spot
 where four long islands, side by side & thick
 wooded divide the stream; the alders hang
 over the margins & dip their branches in pure
 luxury, as an idle hand is hung out of a
 boat. The divided stream is broad & shallow, noisy
 as a mountain beck, & flecked all over with angry
 white, for the boulders are in the way & impede
 its course at every foot. On the further bank,
~~on the further bank, rising to a great height, the~~
~~lower branches sweeping the water, is the loveliest~~
 bank of thick verdure, displaying every tender
 tint of early green, the warm flush of the oak, but
 not yet the steel green of the ash which is present
 to prevail ^{prevalently} in the coloring of the woods ~~at which~~ and the

Above the islands, you suddenly lose the stream,
 a thick clump of trees on this side meeting the
 woods on that; & then, an opening, a 'Cile dubh'
 the Gaelic folk would call it, a bit of the river no
 longer than it is broad, still as a lake, looking
 dark & deep as Doymere Pool, hemmed in
 altogether by depths of wood, which, on the
 further side, rise, & rise, swelling softly
 into a hill, a mountain almost, edged
 by the black line of the snows.

Half a mile above the Abbey, in a space of some
 five hundred yards, the Wharfe cuts its way
 through the ravine: the walls, of tumbled
 moss-grown boulders, rise sheer from
 the river, & ash & elm-reach up into the
 light - curiously straight & tall - reach
 up into the light from the river's brink.
 The banks are not thickly wooded here, but
 every square yard offers a study of 'Art
 Embroidery' such as the South Kensington
 people should delight in - the rich hues of
 the moss, bracken, hart's tongue, hyacinth,
 starry stitchwort, under blue clouds of frost-
 on-not, patches of red campion & yellow
 primrose, ^{embellished by the mosses} spending themselves in the adorn-
 ment of these rugged boulders.

The rocks draw together, shutting in the river,
 enormous ^{great} masses of fantastic shape, &
 curiously rounded by the

the sees of the waters when "Wharfedale" is in flood:
her, in the channel, are nicely carved slabs for
the piers, - or are they the corners of the river
outcrops? - sloping like shapes with a sombre
black fringe that an undertaker might envy, &
'pot-holes', quite round, sometimes three or
four feet deep. ^{flow draws} Still the rocks, ^{draws} &
the river flows between, deep & still, but a
line of light foam in midstream betrays
recent trouble: by & by, however is the
opening that a man may leap across, a
fearful leap, for the waters are deep below, but
many try it, & sometimes looks on a
neighbouring tree shew at what risk. "This
striding place is called the Strid!"
Just above is a cataract, a slight fall from
six or eight feet, where the whole of Wharfe
comes tumbling through a narrow opening -
an endless apron of amber beads, except
that in the near corner the waters are
flung against an elbow of green moss-
grown rock which breaks the fall, & throws
up again, not beads, but a tumultuous
mass of crystals of all delicious tints of
chocolate & red. Below the fall, what a
hurrying & hurrying, what a heaving &
leaping! rivers you see none, ^{except} ~~can~~
that the rocky basins are filled with rushing
yeast, while, blown aside into corners
here & there are heaps of froth. Above this
tumult, the river flows deep & still in
a narrow channel which it has carved out
of

suppocmc34

of the guiding rocks; & presently, the ravine opens
out, & a shimmering blue path stretches away
into the heart of the ~~haute~~ woods.
And this is the famous Strid, where the Boy of Eborac
was — not drowned! alas, that ^{question} ~~research~~ should
~~lead to the truth~~ ^{historical} ~~truth~~ ^{truth} of a legend so fit for
this romantic spot.

Up stream on the left bank — through
an avenue of magnificent beeches with
colossal smooth grey trunks — to the right
now, by a path which leads you into an open
park-like enclosure shut in by Park Hall,
a spur of the moors: this is Bolton deer park,
where are the heavy prints of the forest, oaks
that were old when the Conqueror came, that
remember the early raids of the Danes. The
last spark of life has gone out of some of them,
& they stand, enormous trunks with
withered skeleton arms; ~~stretching~~, ~~abroad~~
~~rares & meaningless~~; in others, the genial
spring wakens a little stirring of the blood;
on or two more vigorous branches begin
to cloth themselves as of old. While their
gnarled brethren spread abroad with new
a leaf to cover their nakedness. One old
trunk, "A mere shell, more than 30 feet in
circumference was lately discovered in
pushing a new walk through the depths of
a solitude heretofore unexplored." Here too
red deer have taken refuge, but even in this
seclusion they are shy & seldom show themselves.

24 p 10 m 27

A little further, you are in the Valley of Desolation,
otherwise, Rosforth Gill. The Rosforth being a
tributary beek which on its way to the Wharfe.
Here, too, the trees are grim with age, & many
of them weird skeletons, & others, whose life
appears to struggle with death, & of Chevenix is
frie of dead wood & around the living
branches. Lightning has had its part in the
~~ruin~~ ^{ruin} ~~here~~, & there is a trunk miserably
shattered & bleached. In the rest, the valley offers
weary walking over widely strewn boulders:
a Valley of Desolation before, the Thunderstorm
of last July has wrought here a scene of singular
havoc. A tremendous flood must have
^{run through} ~~filled~~ the Gill, ~~long~~ ~~rocks~~ taking it to
its foundations: such scouring, too! Time was
when the boulders lay, composed, ^{in a} decent-garment
of moss; now every rock in the valley has
been scoured, till, save for the general ^{low} ~~countenance~~
^{of the boulders}, you migrate to the shore for debris newly
Cast out of a quarry. At the head of the
Gill the little Rosforth descends by a fall
some fifty feet - pretty & graceful enough,
& no doubt fine when the becks are in
flood after heavy rains.

One more sketch, and have done: up the valley
still, Rembr's Seat invites us, from which
point we follow the river northward into great
depths, & behold on a brow in the heart of the woods.

A ruined tower, grey & broken down amidst the soft
spring verdure, like a hoary sire amongst children's
children; & still beyond & above the stretch the
everlasting hills, barren & unpeopled, & in
impenetrable mass. This is Barden Tower, where
dwelt by choice the gentle Shepherd Lord of
Chipton, the son of that Lord Clifford who was slain
at Towton Field, & who himself had slain the
young Earl of Northumberland, son of the Duke of York.
Wherefore the family of Clifford were in ill favour
with the house of York, & after the battle of Towton
their only hope lay in flight & concealment.
Lord Kenne, the heir, was deprived of his estates
& honours during a space of twenty-four years,
all which time he lived as a shepherd, for
greater security, under the protection of his
stepfather, in the village of Threlkeld in
Cumberland. He was restored in the first
year of Henry VII.; & his said tower acquired
himself 'nobly & wisely' in Parliament, & in
battle, with the courage of his house & race. But
he was shy of men, & amongst all his
castles & estates, he best loved the solitude
of Barden. ~~There~~ then he cultivated a gentle
friendship with the monks of Bolton, who
shared his delights in the care of the stars, in
astronomy, & in the study of the sciences.

21p23cm34

the browsing of a distant horse: you are startled
for a moment by what you take for a human
cough, but it comes from yonder white cow.
The mountain sheep challenge you & stand
at bay, but you chance on no human life
in these solitary Pastures.

But we must not linger over the delights
& interests of this neighbourhood, for we
have yet to explore the whole of the Wharfe
valley above & below. Only one thing
more: the glorious sunsets alone
are worth coming to Grassington Inn. Here
the sun has ^{nearly} always cloud curtains to
irradiate ~~western~~ hills to sink
behind; ~~eastern~~ ^{near} hills to glow in reflected
light; southern hills show every tint
of ~~green~~ ^{purple} ere it sinks behind the
western hills; eastern hills glow in
reflected light, while the southern fells
show every tint of ~~green~~ & purple; the river
catches a rosy gleam, & the valley assumes
one tender hue after another as responding
to the adieu of departing day.